

The DeLand

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The University Rumors Found to Be
False in Every Particular.

The following article, with the above heading, appeared in the Record, a newspaper published in DeLand, Volusia county, Florida, in the issue of September, 20, 1902. The editor of this paper, on Saturday last, stated, in effect, that any person who said he had sold out his "influence" to John B. Stetson, or was affiliating with the Stetsonites for reward or hope of reward, was a ———. We simply leave the people to judge themselves whether or not his flop caused by reward or hope of reward. The article follows, with the punctuation and grammar of the original:

FRIDAY, APRIL

"At the meeting of the Board of trustees here Thursday evening and day Friday, the difficulty at the University was patiently and exhaustively investigated and resulted in a complete vindication of Dr. Forbes. We were twenty out of twenty. Senator Brown of Me of the Trustees actually pre-announces that he will of the most distinguished men didate for governor in the state. The decision of the Board is rendered what your Uncle with him? The whole matter will be finally dropped.

While in Congress, the rumors were current the too humble to get the 'ence; and the high esteem held, in gressman Davis. If fact, the DeLand people, in error, Bob Davis' nature and unflinchingly stood by a life had always been ideal change.

Scientists tell us that result of the investigation is one-sixteenth-thousandth, as it was, was no sur- an inch long and one-eighth people of DeLand. With andth of an inch wide—until 6 o'clock without get there just the same. V, this eminent body of if a grip germ could whip a re-

The Pensacola News says: are rumors of much wrong in the United States postoffice department. We are discouraging the prospect for the offices at W- ington to be run quite right they are filled with democrats.

Sir Thomas Lipton is meeting with many discouragements in his efforts to win the cup from American yachtsmen. The latest discouragement was in the strip- ping of the Shamrock III by a squall.

The international race has been postponed on account of the meeting last week were: dent. Mr. Lipton (B. Stetson, president, Phila- delphia; S. B. Wright, secretary, De- third) will be his last.

The French company is working on the Panter, DeLand, Fla.; James S. the contract with Pan-Levylville, Fla.; H. B. Stevens, Fla.; Rev. Thomas J. Sparks, Philadelphia; J. T. Clake, The United States W. Fla.; Rev. William H. Stew- French Company for the Land; Governor William S. now doing, as well as at Jacksonville, Fla.; B. F. ent 160 engineers, 45 mede Springs, Fla.; J. B. Law- B. Solomon, Dayton, Ohio. cers and about 1,500 laly trustees represented by played in this work. E. H. Hamlin, DeLand and Byron E. Huntley, Batavia, N. Y.

Editor Johnston Asks Some Questions.
From the DeLand Supplement, April 22.

The new Baptist paper has been launched; the keel of brother God- win's journalistic craft has been laid; the Blue Book has been printed and industriously circulated; Mr. Stetson has come—and gone; all of the heavy ammunition has been fired at the University; coercive measures have been employed in the conscription of men who would howl against Forbes.

Dr. Forbes is still president; the University still stands; the University is flourishing as it never flourished before; the heavy ammunition that has been fired has pelted against the walls of the University like cowpots against a sand-bank—and Mr. Stetson has returned to Philadelphia.

Those who have helped Mr. Stetson in the "good work" now have time to put on their thinking caps and do a little thinking on their own account. It may be a novelty to them, but we advise them to try it a little anyway. Mr. Stetson's evident intention was to ruin the attendance at the University—and you were told that unless you helped him he would pack up his "Saratoga" and leave DeLand. Be candid now, was this what induced you to enlist in the fight? And did you really believe that he would leave DeLand?

to the state as a confederate—and we hope you will suppose Mr. Stetson's object Tex Naws believes then accomplished and that he had needed in driving every student from the institution, where would you come in? Would the business of the same amount? Would the prosperity of the community have been increased? Would a pile of brick and mortar have added one cent to our wealth or an atom to the knowledge of our children? We again plead pardon for the im- pertinent questions.

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GABRIELLE'S WOOING

By IZOLA FORRESTER

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When Put Mandego came down the straits from Chicago way, every girl from Mackinac to Moose Island sent out her heart to greet the dirty gray sails of his schooner.

Not to greet Put; no, indeed. For fifteen years he had passed through the straits once a week from May to November, and not a girl had waved her hand to him except Joe Nevalre's Gabrielle. She had watched for him from the first year when he had swabbed the decks of the Bon Ami, and now the last year he returned her master, steering her as captain and owner both. The word had gone before him like a silver-tongued herald that with the schooner had also come to him as an inheritance from old Scott Mandego, his father, the little house down on Mandego point and a matter of \$2,000 or \$3,000.

So Put sailed as a conqueror, and of all the bright eyes along the shore that glanced to greet him the only ones which lured him on belonged to Gay Nevalre and were the only pair that had no welcome for him.

It was the first time in all the fifteen years. As a boy he had rowed over to the island to chat with Joe and watch him mend the great sails that were sent to him from the twin shores and weave and knot his fish nets. Joe's deft fingers were as noted along the straits as the black eyes and red lips of his five daughters.

And Gay was the youngest. She was eighteen now, slim and dark-eyed, with the poles and step of a demoiselle of Gascony and a wondrous trick of the eyes, a sidelong look between narrowed lids, with long curved lashes to cast a shade. All of Nevalre's girls had it, but little Gabrielle had it worst, and it took the heart out of a man.

Only a mile to the southeast of Moose Island lies Mandego point. From his shore on a sunny day Put could catch the flash of a pink petticoat here and there around the old weather-beaten cabin, but the courage never came to him to seek her and tell her what had been in his heart all the way from Chicago.

"You forget old friends when the good luck flies your way. Is it not so, Put?" laughed old Nevalre when they met at the half-way point on the mainland. "Is it Marie? Fanchon? Babette? Elise? No? Mon Dieu, it is the little one, then?"

"It is Gabrielle," said Put stolidly. However he might feel his love, he had no fear for Nevalre himself nor for his daughter. "But she has no smiles for me this year," he added moodily.

Joe laughed more. Did the wild duck flutter near until she heard the decoy? Was Gay a girl to lay her heart bare before she was wooed?

"Put listened and smiled as he awakened to his folly. "I will woo her," he said, and he kept his word. He sent Danny Dermot, his successor to the deck swabbing question on the Bon Ami.

Danny was blue-eyed, the best dancer along the shore and still a winter's length from twenty. He listened to Put's instructions of what he should tell his love and straightway forgot Put and all else as he leaned across the open window sill at Nevalre's chatting with Gabrielle and catching the trick of her long dark eyes.

The dreamy golden days of summer passed, and the sunnied faunited scarlet banners on every hillside that dipped to meet the straits, and still the Bon Ami swung idly on her ropes at the old half-sunk landing at Mandego point. Put's pulses leaped every time he looked from her to the broad sweep of blue water that called to him to come back, but every breeze that circled around the point bore the love of his heart to Gabrielle as it danced on down to the island, so he stayed on and trusted his fate to Danny's soft tongue.

Under the rose vine Gabrielle would listen, a rose stem between her teeth, while Danny spoke of Mandego point. "He's too old for you, Gay, darling. It's thirty-two he is if he's a day, and the old devil thinks you'll fly like a bird to him if he only whistles. And it's lonesome down there on the point. You can't see the Mackinac lights dancing a jig with themselves in the water the way you can here. And it isn't a thousand at all, Gay, darling. It's only a hundred or so, and the old man will soon drink that up over at Petit Jean's. So you see it won't be riches at all that Mrs. Mandego will be getting, but old Put himself. Do you mind me, Gay, darling?"

Gabrielle's white teeth closed over the heart of the rose, and she ate its sweet petals in silence, but her eyes looked sidelong at Danny.

"And the Tidy Adly of Petoskey sails on Tuesday, Gay?" Danny reached up and plucked a rose that touched the girl's bowed head. "I've the promise of berth on her at the wheel. It is better than the deck on the Bon Ami, Gay, and if you say the word you can kiss your sweet hand to Chicago as Mrs. Dermot in a week. Could you be ready by Tuesday, Gay, heart?"

Gabrielle looked off up the straits to where Mandego point lay like an amethyst shadow at the curve of the Michigan shore line, and her eyes were tender and dreamy.

"Tell Put Mandego to come for his answer himself like a man, Danny," she said. "Tell him that from me to-day, and if he is not here on the island by Monday night then I will sail on the Tidy Adly."

"It's at sunrise I'll come for you, Mrs. Dermot," laughed Danny, and

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Gabrielle smiled and waved her hand to him as he passed jauntily down the clover bordered path to the beach. But she was thinking of Put—Put in his strength and shyness—and of how he would come that very night for his answer.

But the twilight passed, and the moon rose above the pines on the headland, and no boat put out from Mandego point until daylight, when Put pulled over to the mainland with never a backward glance at Nevalre's island.

Never once did Danny go near the island. He was too busy keeping Put's head turned toward the mainland, and day by day the fire flashed in Gabrielle's eyes as she pointed chin tilted higher as she looked toward Mandego point and waited.

It was a night of early autumn glory, Monday. The September moon rose like a great flame colored flower above the crest of Mackinac, and by the time it had reached midheaven the glamour of its golden witchery spread over the face of the waters like a magic spell.

Gabrielle watched it from the tall sand dunes, the ones where Put had borne her on his shoulder to watch the boats come up the straits. There was no light on Mandego point, but the night was clear and bright, and she caught the sparkle of dripping oars as a boat shot out from the shadows of the mainland into the broad path of moonbeams that bridged the way to the point. There were two figures in the boat. She held her breath, striving to catch the sound of voices on the still night air, but instead from the darkness toward Mackinac came three long deep signals. Gabrielle started to her feet at the sound. It was the North Queen bound for Buffalo, and in her course lay the boat.

Suddenly she saw that Danny had shipped his oars and was standing. She knew his slight form instantly, but the man at the rudder never stirred. Danny bent over him a moment as if to reassure himself, then slipped overboard into the water and made for the mainland with long, sure strokes.

An instant and Gabrielle hesitated. Again the North Queen signaled, and her port lights showed bright and clear as she swept past the great, shadowy Mackinac island and came on like a phantom ship of the night.

And, for the rest, they tell it at Petit Jean's, and blind Louis made a song of it and of Gabrielle, who sailed a bride on the Bon Ami, with Put Mandego captain. They show the wreck of her boat where the North Queen crushed it like a crumpled autumn leaf, for out into the waters of the straits went Gabrielle that night, with only the hope of her love to give her strength, and in the drifting boat she found Put, dead to the world from Petit Jean's brandy and left to drift to his death by Danny Dermot. Leaving her own boat in its place, she had rowed the other out of the moonbeam path just as the great steamer bore down upon her course.

At dawn next morning Put stood on the sand dunes of Nevalre's island and watched the Tidy Adly put out for Lake Michigan, but no farewell was waved from her decks by Danny. The North Queen caught him fairly as she rounded Mandego point, and blind Louis stumbled over what was left when he walked the shore below the point after the Bon Ami had sailed on her honeymoon trip.

Old English Halfpence.

How many collectors of coins know anything about the curious halfpence issued centuries ago by English authorities—halfpence in the true sense of the word, since they were nothing more than minted pennies cut directly in half? Specimens of these coins have been discovered frequently among the buried treasures which from time to time have been unearthed in Great Britain. In Lancashire in 1240 were found a rare lot of coins, among which

were several pennies of the time of Alfred and Edward divided in this way.

Similarly divided pence of the time of Edward the Confessor have been found, and in speaking of the discovery in 1833 of a number of these curious halfpence of the time of William the Conqueror an unquestioned authority states that they were probably issued from the mints in that form, since the whole collection had evidently been in circulation.

In the British museum in London are specimens of these divided coins issued under various monarchs from Alfred to Henry III. An eminent archeologist accounts for the divided coins by saying that this doubtless arose from the scarcity of small change, which was in part remedied under the reign of Edward I. by the coinage of halfpence and farthings.

Why Women Are Afraid of Mice.

In all ages women were supposed to be more prone to superstition than men, and who knows but that the dread of a woman on the appearance of a rat or a mouse may not be due, in part at least, to an ancient superstition which has traveled down the ages from the time when our remote forefathers believed that rats and mice were the souls of the departed? Numerous are the stories which made the ancients believe that souls were rats and mice, and some of these stories are very curious.

"In Thuringia, at Snailfeld," says Baring-Gould, "a servant girl fell asleep while her companions were shelling nuts. They observed a little red mouse creep from her mouth and run out of the window. One of the fellows present shook the sleeper, but could not wake her, so he moved her to another place. Presently the mouse ran back to the former place and dashed about seeking the girl. Not finding her, it vanished. At the same moment the girl died."

Children's Teeth.

Premature decay of the children's teeth is due more to constitutional defects or derangements than to any localized condition. It means that the teeth are not well organized because of defective nutritional processes which may or may not be hereditary. In either event treatment instituted early enough will help if not entirely stay the progress of the difficulty. To retard these processes is worth a good deal, while effectually to check them is a wealth of good. Give enough granular phosphate of soda, which may be well taken in milk, to keep the bowels open. Give also three times a day after food sirup of lactophosphate, of lime. Dose for a child of five or six, one-half teaspoonful; for a child of ten, a teaspoonful, and for younger children in proportion.

Glassware.

An authority says that glassware will last longer and look better if the following hints as to its care and preservation are regarded: Tepid water, the best cattle or other pure soap and a stiff brush are the first essentials. After washing and rinsing place the cut glass in boxwood sawdust. This will absorb the moisture in the cutting. Next remove the sawdust from the plain surfaces with a soft cloth. By following these directions the original clearness and sparkle of the glass will be maintained.

A Window Seat.

An acceptable window seat which most girls crave for their rooms starts with one of the low rattan seats with- out backs that may be bought at any shop offering an assortment of this ware. They come in different lengths, so that a little care in selection secures one to fit almost any window space. They may be left the natural color, or, preferably, stained to match the finish of the woodwork of the room. A loose cushion adds to their comfort, and a valance may be used if liked.

SAVE THE LOVED ONES!

Mrs. Mary A. Vliet, Newcastle, Col., writes: "I believe Ballard's Horehound Syrup is superior to any other cough medicine, and will do all that is claimed for it, and it is so pleasant to take. My little girl wants to take it when she has no need for it." Ballard's Horehound Syrup is the great cure for all pulmonary ailments. 25c, 50c, and \$1.00 at all druggists.

Two Clever Statesmen.

One crisis in Lord Palmerston's life illustrates the absolute good humor which may prevail even when political enmity is at its worst. Lord Derby had made an attack upon him in the upper house with such energy and eloquence that the odds against him seemed overwhelming. But he deflected himself and his policy from the dusk of one day to the dawn of another with such tact, dexterity and force of appeal to the national sense of honor that he was acquitted of all blame by a majority of four scores.

Next day in passing through the corridor leading from an anteroom to the upper house one swing door opened to his hand and at the same moment the other to that of Lord Derby. They were opponents, but they were also manly and sweet natured men. They smiled.

"I was just thinking," said Palmerston, "what a clever fellow he was who so nearly put me in a hole!"

"Ah," was the rejoinder, "but nothing like the cleverness of the fellow who got you out of it!"

SAVED TWO FROM DEATH.

"Our little daughter had an almost fatal attack of whooping cough and bronchitis," writes Mrs. W. K. Haviland, of Armonk, N. Y., "but, when all other remedies failed, we saved her life with Dr. King's New Discovery. Our niece, who had Consumption in an advanced stage, also used this wonderful medicine and today she is perfectly well." Desperate throat and lung diseases yield to Dr. King's New Discovery as to no other medicine on earth. Infallible for Coughs and Colds. 50c and \$1.00 bottles guaranteed by W. A. Allen and Geo. W. Fisher. Trial bottles free.

Battled to Respect.

"Who's de ole guy w'at first went by?" asked the telegraph messenger. "De ole guy wid de dinky whiskers?" replied the office boy. "Aw, he's de owner of de paper."

"An' who's de guy wid 'im'?"

"Sh! Don't git gay! He ain't no guy; dat's de sportin' editor!"—Catholic Standard.

BEAUTY AND STRENGTH.

Are desirable. You are strong and vigorous, when your blood is pure. Many—men, most—women, fail to properly digest their food, and to become pale, sallow, thin and weak, while the brightness, freshness and beauty of the skin and complexion, depart. Remedy this unpleasant evil, by eating nourishing food, and taking a small dose of Herbine after each meal, to digest what you have eaten. 50c. at all druggists.

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Radium is self luminous, shining with a bluish light. It, like Roentgen rays, makes a sensitive screen phosphorescent. It shows the bones in the hand and is so vigorous that it has produced sores on those who have incautiously carried it about their persons. The radium emits negatively electrified particles with a velocity in some cases approaching that of light.

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